

The Tragedy of Hamlet

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will :
But now my Cousin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,

Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids,

Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,

Thou knowst tis common all that liues must dye,

Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it bee

Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,

Tis not alone my incky cloake could smother,

Nor customary futes of solemne black,

Nor windie suspiration of forl breath,

No, nor the fruitfull riuier in the eye,

Nor the deiected hauion of the visage.

Together with all formes, moodes, shapés of griefe

That can deuore me truely, these indeed seeme,

For they are actions that a man might play,

But I haue that within which passes shewe,

These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,

To giue these mourning duties to your Father,

But you must know your father lost a father,

That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound

In filliall obligation for some tearme

To doe obsequious sorrowes, but to perseuer

In obstinate conddolement, is a course

Of impious stubbornesse, tis vnmanly griefe,

It shoues a will most incorrect to heauen,

A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient,

An vaderstanding simple and vnschoold,

For what we know must be, and is as common

Prince of Denmark

As any the most vulgar thing to

Why should we in our peenish

Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to h

A fault against the dead, a fault t

To reason most absurd, whose co

Is death of fathers, and who still

From the first course, till he that c

This must be so : we pray you th

This vnpreuailing woe, and thin

As of a father, for let the world ta

You are the most imediate to ou

And with no lesse nobility of lo

Then that which dearest father b

Doe I impart toward you for yo

In going back to schoole to *Witt*

It is most retrogard to our desire,

And we beseech you bend you i

Heere in the cheare and comfort

Our chiefest courtier, cosin, and c

Quee. I et not thy mother loo

I pray thee stay with vs, goe not

Ham. I shall in all my best oba

King. Why tis a louing and a f

Be as our selfe in *Denmarke*, Mac

This gentle and vnforc'd accord

Sits smiling to my heart, in grace

No iocund health that *Denmark*

But the great Cannon to the clo

And the Kings rowse the heauen

Respeaking earthly thunder ; con

Ham. O that this too too sallied

Thaw and resolute it selfe into a

Or that the euerlasting had not f

His cannon gainst seale slaughter

How wary, stale, flat, and vnprof

Seeme to me all the vses of this v

Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded p

That growes to seed, things ranc

Possesse it meereley that it should